

## THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by  
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:  
734 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1896, at  
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act  
of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Telephone Main 3330. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in  
the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va.,  
at 5 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at  
25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.

Daily and Sunday.....\$5.00 per month  
Daily and Sunday.....\$1.25 per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$3.00 per month  
Daily, without Sunday.....\$3.00 per month

No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous  
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Manuscripts offered for publication will be  
returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent  
with the manuscript.

All communications intended for this paper,  
whether for the daily or the Sunday issue, should  
be addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Office, Nassau-Broadway Bldg., LaCoste &  
Maxwell, Managers.  
Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCoste & Maxwell,  
Managers.

MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1907.

## The Man with the Bomb.

What is to be done with the man who carries a bomb? When he hurls his own worthless soul into eternity, the question is easily answered. This is not, however, the final solution. There are other men with bombs. They are human wreckers. What shall be done with them?

The tragic episode in Philadelphia last Saturday occasions the profoundest reflection. Here were a score of men peacefully pursuing their legitimate duties. Suddenly a bomb exploded, shattering two innocent lives, and wounding many others. Instantly one wonders how society is to be protected against such dastardly and deadly assaults. It is not enough to say that the murderer was a half-crazy, irresponsible fellow who had already preached the doctrine that the world owed him a living. Unfortunately, we know that this particular bomb-thrower is not a solitary individual, but that he represents a type. In Russia, this type is not only well defined, but numerous, and what is more seriously to the point, it cannot be suppressed, despite the unwearied exercise of autocratic power. It is a type which seems to develop along with our complex civilization, and it is now evident that we must reckon with it.

The problem is a formidable one for two reasons: first, because it is extremely difficult to detect and prove insanity, and second, because bombs are made without trouble and are easily concealed. In this city, which is a sort of Mecca for cranks, experience has shown that rarely can a person with homicidal tendencies be singled out from the great mass of transient population unless he is unwary enough to confide his secret to some one else. The pathology of mental diseases has not yet reached that point where instant identification of a man with dangerous tendencies is possible. It is a curious fact that these men are, as a rule, of secretive natures, and are thus enabled to hide their real characters. If we could, at a glance, detect the bomb-thrower, it would be easy enough to place him under restraint. Unfortunately, no such power is at present within human ken.

A small phial of nitric acid and a few chemicals are all that is necessary to manufacture a dangerous explosive, and a piece of gas pipe, procurable anywhere, completes the instrument of death. How is society to protect itself against the combination of bomb and half-crazy bomb-thrower? The modern panacea for our ills is Federal legislation. It is a matter of serious doubt, however, whether the enactment of statutes, either by State legislatures or Congress, will wholly solve the difficulty. It is possible, of course, to pass laws that will render it difficult for any one except thoroughly responsible persons to obtain explosives. If the most vigorous restrictions are placed about the sale of all materials which make the bomb a dangerous explosive, it may be possible to lessen the menace to which every one is now subjected. We cannot recall, either, that at the present time there is any law making the manufacture or the possession of a bomb a very serious offense. The task of rendering such a law effective is naturally difficult, but its enactment might, at least, be deterrent. The man with the bomb ought to be regarded as an outlaw, and if he can be caught before he has wreaked his vengeance, he ought to be regarded as entirely out of the pale of consideration.

It will be necessary in the future, also, to exercise the closest scrutiny over persons who cannot give a thoroughly satisfactory account of themselves. Only those who harbor improper motives can object to the utmost vigilance on the part of the authorities. At any rate, society has a right to protect itself, and it is evident that the necessary steps toward this protection must be taken, not only speedily, but with determination.

John D. Rockefeller says he is sorry he is misunderstood. What he is really sorry for is that he is understood.

## State Rights and Free Passes.

We observe with pleasure that a number of the sovereign States of this glorious Union are rapidly recovering from the stupor into which they were temporarily thrown by President Roosevelt and Secretary Root when the former threw down the gauntlet to California and the latter issued his warning that the States must behave or undergo severe discipline.

One sovereign right most jealously guarded by State legislators is the right to free passes on the railroads. When that remarkable measure of centralization, the railroad-rate bill, was passed by Congress, it included a prohibition of free passes. Some popular misapprehension arose as to the scope of this prohibition. The papers teemed with jokes at the expense of the rural legislator. He was pictured as walking to the capital of his sovereign State in order to take up the arduous duties of statesmanship. He was regaled with antique jests about counting ties and the efficacy of pedestrianism as a preservative of health. He was consoled with on the probability of a serious increase of his shoe bill. But these merry quips were quickly perceived to be witless and pointless. The rural legislator entertained no misgiving. He did not worry. He knew that, protected by the sovereign powers of his State, he was safe from the encroachments of autocratic Federal power. The Federal government, no matter what

its pretensions, could neither compel him to walk nor to pay fare. The rate bill's prohibition does not extend to free passes over railroads within the boundaries of a sovereign State.

So in this matter the sovereign rights of the States appear undimmed and unimpaired, and the various legislatures meet their members and new comfort in a Stateshood whose powers in one important respect are undiminished and whose authority still reigns supreme over an ancient legislative privilege. Never need they pay a fare so long as they travel within State limits. And will they ever surrender this sovereign right? Not on your annual pass!

The mayor of Boston has been convicted of misquoting Emerson. Boston will have the deep and abundant sympathy of all the world in this crowning sorrow.

## Atlanta's Housecleaning.

Just after the recent deplorable riot in Atlanta a committee of seven of the best citizens of that city was commissioned by the people to investigate the trouble and report as to its causes, extent, and probable effect upon the city's future. This committee was also intrusted with the distribution of a large sum raised by the people of Atlanta for the benefit of the families of the victims. After a long and careful investigation, the committee reported, in part, as follows:

"Among the victims of the mob there was not a single negro. They were earning wages in useful work up to the time of the riot. They were supporting themselves, their families, or dependent relatives. Most of them had small children and wives, mothers or sisters, with practically no means and very small earning capacity. The wounded lost from one to eight weeks' time at 50 cents to \$1 a day each. About seventy persons were wounded, and among these was an immense amount of suffering. In some cases it was protracted and excruciating pain. Many of the wounded are disabled, and several are permanently disabled. Most of them were in humble circumstances, but they were honest, industrious, and law-abiding citizens and useful members of society. These statements are true of both white and colored. Of the wounded, ten are white and sixty are colored; of the dead, two are white and ten are colored; two female and ten male. This includes ten killed at Brownsville, 103 members of a larger number killed have no foundation for the statement that several persons were killed and seventy were maimed, assaulted, and, as by all accounts, a number took part in each assault, it is clear that several hundred murders, or would-be murders, are at large in this community."

The sympathy of the country is entirely with Atlanta in its effort to clear the stain from its good name and nothing could more thoroughly convince the public that Atlanta is serious, gravely serious, in such effort than the frankness with which her citizens meet the issue. No effort is put forth to palliate or deny the horrors of the riot. No "whitewashing" of the city's good name is to be made. Atlanta, regretfully, of course, admits the awful truth, and sets forth to stamp out forever the element that would make its reputation possible.

Atlanta is a great city—one of the best and most progressive in the Union. She owes it to herself to make thorough work of suppressing the evil elements of her population. A systematic movement to that end has been inaugurated, backed by the virtue, intelligence, and wealth of that city. It isn't at all probable that Atlanta will ever again have another such frightful situation to face.

Kansas has a man who is a minister, a doctor, an undertaker, and a tombstone dealer, all combined. There is a man who is ready to stand by you from start to finish.

To Prolong Youth.  
Dr. Carl Snyder has written, under the engaging title, "The Quest of Prolonged Youth," an article of absorbing interest on the most fascinating mystery that intrudes the human mind—life and death and their causes.

Dr. Snyder has accomplished the rare feat of a scientist profoundly learned in this branch of investigation and exploration of reducing to the common understanding subjects and their cognates, which scientists too often discuss in terminology that appeals only to the erudite.

His primary postulate is that the well-established principle of cellular multiplication accounts for all physical growth, and a priori, the cessation of this process marks the beginning of decay. With a courage that characterizes all honest investigators, he stops and stands appalled in the presence of the real mystery, which is, What is the cause of cellular multiplication? What is the force or quality, and whence comes it, which causes a cell to divide itself into two or more organisms of exactly the same formation and power as the original? And how happens it that from this primordial organism widely varying species are evolved, that run the gamut from the lowliest of animals to man, the climax of animal life? Here the finite mind gropes helplessly about and flounders in a tempestuous and shoreless sea of empirical speculation and theory. Not until an answer be found to this question will science be of any aid in solving the real riddle.

This which has shed a faint glimmer of light on the fascinating mystery.

"Watch the legislature," says the Brooklyn Standard-Union. It certainly needs watching.

Alas, the poor water wagon! Its sweet dream of abounding prosperity is soon dispelled.

Delaware presents the two extreme examples of a man who can have the United States Senator for the asking and yet will not accept it, and another man who is willing to pay millions for it and yet cannot buy it.

Notwithstanding the verdict of the jury in the case against Col. Mann, who has just been acquitted of perjury, we fear that Hon. Thomas E. Watson and Mr. Norman Hapgood are of the same opinion still.

The selection of a United States Senator in Michigan has been stopped because of graft, states the Indianapolis Sun. Why the trouble; wasn't the graft big enough?

It is said that over 6,000 women are engaged in the Russian secret service. They probably have charge of the state secrets that the government desires to have diplomatically spread.

Judge Landis evidences a disposition to make the Standard Oil Company answer for its sins. We very much fear the judge stands in need of a course of Sunday school lectures from John D. Jr.

For declining to take a drink a Texan was shot to death the other day. Perhaps he knew the brand and figured it sudden death in any event.

About twenty years from now the grown-up Theodores in this country promise to be as numerous as the Grovers are now.

A horse named Mincefoot won a big purse in Chicago a few days since. He seems to have been the unknown quantity in the race, which proves that there is something in a name sometimes.

Of course, the country understands that nothing comes or goes without "An Atlanta man" in it. It will occasion no surprise, therefore, to learn that the retiring mayor of that Georgia city has just been admitted to the Ananias Club.

"The eggs of the seventies sold for ten cents a dozen," says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Sometimes we suspect they have not all been sold yet.

The fact that Mr. Roosevelt shot at a turkey down in Virginia and missed the bird, is a very curious coincidence that the President's hand has lost its cunning.

Since the passage of the pure-food law the term "straight" whiskey has taken on a new meaning. It is the kind that isn't "crooked."

The Swedish scientists who are endeavoring to prove that there is no law of gravitation seem likely to fall down on their assignment.

The German Emperor cannot send a single message to the German Reichstag. Needless to add, he misses lots of fun.

The Sultan of Morocco addresses the President like a man who wanted to borrow money.

"The Shah has more wiles than Solomon had," observes the Nashville American. At least, that proves that Solomon was the wiser man.

Perhaps the man who swears off swearing at New Year wouldn't have such a hard time of it if he didn't have to date his letters.

New Year comes but once a year, and the water wagon brigade pro tem, is glad of that, also.

King Edward is said to frequently drop asleep during the delivery of after-dinner speeches. In some respects, the business of being King has its decided advantages.

## RAILWAY CONTROL.

Operation of Roads Merely Incidental to Wall Street Exploitation.

From the New York World.  
In ten years of unprecedented railroad prosperity the control of three-fourths of the mileage has passed into the hands of six or eight groups. The lines themselves have been merely chips in a Wall street poker game. The functions of the common carrier have been subordinated to the business of Wall street exploitation. The operation of the roads has been an incident, and not the main business of the men in control.

The Interstate Commerce Commission should not stop with the Harriman railroads. It should go on to the Morgan group, the Hill group, the Vanderbilt group, the Gould-Rockefeller group, the Pennsylvania group, and all the rest. It is a point to do for the legitimate railroad interests of the United States that the Armstrong committee did for the insurance interests. Mr. Kellogg, the counsel for the commission, can perform a service as useful as that rendered by Mr. Hughes.

## Useless Custom Houses.

From the Savannah News.  
There are probably a dozen or fifteen custom houses in the country that collect far less than their running expenses. Last year's receipts at Annapolis, Md., were \$4.50 and the expenses \$97.74, making it cost the government \$93 to collect each dollar of the receipts. At Tappahannock, Va., the receipts were nothing and the expenses \$27. There is no business for such offices to transact and no good reason for their existence. But they afford patronage, whereas the Republican party isn't going to abolish them. There are similarly useless offices in all parts of the country, under Federal, State, and local governments, that are perpetuated merely because they provide places for political favorites at the public expense.

## Troubles Ahead for the Kaiser.

From the New York Herald.  
Unfortunately for the Kaiser, a vast body in Germany has begun to question his infallibility and is alarmed by the results of his attempt at personal rule. The dissolution of the Reichstag is likely to dissipate that alarm, and the veiled threat to dissolve the fresh Parliament if it does not prove more docile than its predecessor will probably increase the distrust. Such a disposition is not of good augury for the Kaiser, and sooner or later it may bring forth a Long Parliament that will block permanently his efforts at personal rule.

## Everything Works for Teddy.

From the New York Sun.  
Residents of the Horseshoe district of Jersey City have organized Den No. 1, Benevolent and Upright Order of Teddy Bears of the United States of America. Dens are to be established all over the country. In this stroke of genius we see the supply hand of the Third Term League.

## A Valuable Enemy.

From the Detroit Free Press.  
Roosevelt's unerring choice of enemies is again exemplified in his selection of Harriman.

## Patient Given a Reminder.

From the New York Sun.  
Patient—But isn't this a large fee?  
Doctor—The inheritance tax might be bigger.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

## WEAK FLESH.

"Oysters I can't afford."  
Says Johnny D.  
"To have upon my board—  
Too high for me."  
And so the blivage good,  
The greatest prize  
Of all salt water food,  
He never buys.

He Spartan grit has got,  
Upon my word;  
Willing to give up what  
He can't afford.  
That Johnny D. me beat  
I'll own is true.  
I can't afford to eat,  
But still, I do.

## Not for Him.

"I always differ with the President."  
"Isn't that risky?"  
"On the contrary, observe, I always differ with him."

## An Ill-used Infant.

"Pretty assortment of lemons I have inherited," mused the New Year.  
Here it struck the Thaw case.  
Let us pass on.

## Great Card.

I could earn a deal of coin  
If a million bones I had.  
For some circus I would join  
As "The Only Human Shad."

## Ubiquitous.

"Money must talk, it seems."  
"One often hears it at the opera."  
"And when it doesn't care for the theater, it gets up a Bible class."

## Books Not Necessary.

"What do you think of my law office?"  
"Doesn't look much like a law office. Where are your books?"  
"Oh, I'm making a specialty of unwritten law."

## Hardly.

"Love may laugh at locksmiths."  
"So."  
"But you never hear it indulging in cauchimination at the expense of the dressmaker."

## THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

## LITERATURE IN THE NAVY.

James B. Connolly will serve as yeoman in the navy for the purpose of giving it its proper place in literature—Neas note.

He is quartered in a cabin that he lives in by himself.  
With a tumbler 'n' bottles and o' boxes on the shelf.  
And the old man doesn't cuss him, doesn't make him take his place—  
No, the old man speaks him proper, with a smile upon his face.  
And the old man always looks as if his picture's been took.

For he thinks he'll be the hero, be the hero in the book.

If he wants a day o' short leave, why, he borrows the old man's launch.  
And he tells the crew that takes him, that the craft is trim 'n' stanch,  
And the bosun doesn't cuss him, but he waits with smile sublime  
And he makes him not to worry if he over-stays his time.

For he thinks he'll be the hero, be the hero in the book.

And the lubber in the galley that is scrubbin' pans and pots  
Seems to have a high ambition runnin' shanties through his puddin',  
For he makes him nice grog,  
And he asks him every day.

If there's anything he favors, why, he's only got to say—

You'd think he was a admiral instead of just a cook.

For he thinks he'll be the hero, be the hero in the book.

And we stop the gunner's practice when we hear the gentle clack  
Of the yeoman's new typewriter when he does his writin' trick.

And the old man tells him proudly how we keep the bloomin' log  
And inquires in genteel accents if he would like him some grog.

And he tells him why the ocean isn't like a babblin' brook—  
For he thinks he'll be the hero, be the hero in the book.

Ho, they're standin' at attention from the bridge down to the hold,  
And the fellow with the notebook has 'em coppered good and cold.

For he makes him nice grog, mostly, and it's me that tells him how  
We conduct the bloomin' navy, from top-deck to the bow.

And I've smothered Jimmy Bowlegs and the old man and the cook,  
For it's me will be the hero, be the hero in the book.

## OLD MAN GIDDLES—HE OBSERVES.

Sometimes a man thinks it is his conscience that warns him when it really is a cash register.

No matter how old a woman is, she always turns prematurely gray.

Girls who become enamored of heroes on the stage and wish men in everyday life were so noble should reflect that stage heroes have to be noble an hour and a half at a time.

Whenever you tell your friend it was high time he got on the water wagon he at once jumps off.

I have noticed that even if a Gibson man in a small, practical way, he has Sunday supplement clothes.

The man who takes himself too seriously is in about as hard lines as the man who does not take himself seriously enough.

Reform comes when a man is able to realize the difference between a past and a background.

## The Unlucky Number.

From the Youth's Companion.  
In a small, but practical way, was visiting the cells in a prison, talking sympathetic to the prisoners, some of whom he had sentenced. His efforts were generally well received, but one man was quite unmoved by his friendliness. He returned curt replies and resolutely refused to expand.

"I'm no criminal," he said at last; "I'm only a victim."

"A victim of what?" the judge inquired, with friendly interest.

"A victim of the number thirteen—that's what I am."

"A victim of the number thirteen?"  
"Yes—a judge and twelve jurymen."

## THE FROGS.

(WITH APPLICATION TO ARISTOCRATS.)  
Within a snug there dwelt a frog,  
Paddy-drum! K'drum!  
With many others round the bog.

Increasingly bold he and they  
Would crack an amiable night and day,  
What all the really fine in a way  
Was Tunk! Tunk! Paddy-drum!

They argued round this way and that,  
Paddy-drum! K'drum!  
With dignified air for tat,  
Tunk! Paddy-drum!

"Radical!" said one, "it seems to me—"  
"O Paddy-drum! why don't you see?"  
"O Paddy-drum!" says number three,  
Tunk! Tunk! Paddy-drum!

Within our shallow social quags,  
Tunk! Tunk! Paddy-drum!  
We often meet with human frogs,  
Tunk! Tunk! Paddy-drum!

We talk and argue night and day  
With endless public in a way  
As sensible as the frogs that say,  
Tunk! Tunk! Paddy-drum!

—New York Globe.

## PEOPLE OF NOTE.

## Look Out for Youkum.

Before the Interstate Commerce Commission shall have finished its work of probing into the higher affairs of railroad administration, it is expected that what is known as the Moore group of roads will come under investigation. Then will be brought into the light of national publicity for the first time a man whose progress has been as rapid as E. H. Harriman, and whose success is almost as marked. This man is E. F. Youkum, now the executive head of the railroads reorganized, financed, and grouped by the Moores, comprising the Rock Island and "Frisco" systems, with numerous smaller lines that carry the influence of these systems from Chicago to the Gulf and that extend from Birmingham in the Southeast to Denver in the Northwest.

Less than twenty years ago Mr. Youkum, a native Texan, was the local commercial agent of the Gould lines at San Antonio. In association with Uriah Lott, who has perhaps built more small lines of railroad that begin nowhere and end nowhere than any man in the United States, Mr. Youkum raised the capital for the construction of a railroad from San Antonio to the Gulf at Corpus Christi, which is at present a part of the Southern Pacific system. This gave him his start. He is now many times a millionaire, operates in New York, and has conceived vast schemes of transportation conquests in Mexico.

In matters of business he is as silent and uncommunicative as a trapdoor snail, studiously avoiding the limelight, and without being known to the public, is now one of the most potent factors in the national railroad equation.

## Young "Fitz" Lee.

Capt. Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., "son of his father," is now, and has been for three years, one of President Roosevelt's military aids, his duties, of course, being strictly social. Capt. Lee was given a commission as second lieutenant in the regular army by President McKinley at the beginning of the war with Spain, and was assigned to duty on the staff of his father, who commanded the Seventh Army Corps.

His appointment by President McKinley was to the infantry arm of the service, but he secured a transfer to the cavalry after the close of the war. There is not the remotest physical resemblance between Capt. Lee and his famous father, though companions who have served with the young man in the Philippines say that he possesses the genuine Lee spirit of the soldier. He showed the grit that is determined if he is a sensible citizen to enter the army by securing a position as a laborer in the machine shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Altoona, where he began at the bottom to work his way up.

When he was called to Washington by President McKinley to receive appointment to the army the palms of his hands bore evidence of the hard labor to which he had been applying himself for months, and the President made note of this as a sign of that stamina which would make him a good soldier. Capt. Lee is one of the handsomest officers in the army, and is a recognized leader of Washington's smart set.

## Rayner's Good Trade.

During President Cleveland's last term Senator Rayner was a member of the House from Maryland and was popular at the White House. Mr. Cleveland appreciated him as fine diplomatic material, and he was offered him the post of Minister to Spain.

When the Marylander was called to the White House and proffered this place he was so completely surprised that he was unable to reply for several minutes. He pondered the subject in silence. He reasoned that his standing must be such with the President that a Presidential favor of another kind would be granted, if immediately preferred. So reasoning, he declined the offer with thanks and popped at the President another proposition.

"While I would be pleased to serve you and the country in the capacity you propose," said Mr. Rayner, "I find upon reflection that it is impossible for me to do so. But, if you think you think you owe me or my State anything, I would like to make a swap with you. Instead of appointing me Minister to Spain, be pleased to appoint the son of a constituent of mine to the Naval Academy." In the circumstances, the President could not refuse to make the trade, and the appointment, which had seemed hopeless, because there was no vacancy in Maryland's district, was forthwith made out.

## Bailey's First Victory.

Senator Bailey's campaign for re-election is a reminder of the first political victory in his remarkable career. He relates it himself with pride. He achieved it in his native county in Mississippi, before he had been five years old, and the most prominent of his victims was his own father. As he tells it, a county convention for the election of delegates to a Congressional convention was assembled in his native town. His father was the recognized Democratic boss of the county, and as such he was expected to run the convention to suit himself and the machine. A number of the future Senator's boyhood friends, all of whom were older than himself, complained of the way the politics of the county was dominated by "old man Bailey and his benchmen."

"Well, then, let's go in the convention and beat 'em," suggested the budding statesman.

"That's foolish to talk about," replied his companions, adding, "Beats, son of us is a delegate, and your old daddy and his henchmen would throw us out, even if we should secure proxies and enter the convention."

"If you'll let me boss out the end of the job," insisted young Bailey, "Nothing would give me more fun than to beat the old man at his own game, and I can do it if you fellows will stick to me."

The crowd of youngsters to the number of twelve or fifteen scurried around among the arriving delegates and secured proxies. The elder Bailey viewed them with disdain and unconcern when they marched boldly into the convention and took seats. The proceedings had not progressed far until the convention was in an uproar. Young Bailey, as the leader of the proxies, objected to every important motion made by his father and his father's henchmen. A fight was precipitated, which kept the convention in a deadlock for days. During its continuance the future Senator made a dozen or more speeches, the first of which were brilliant. He outwitted his father in parliamentary tactics, and out-talked everybody else in the convention. The result was a complete triumph for the proxies, and a new deal all around in county politics.

## No Danger of Secession.

Nevertheless we guess the Pacific Slope won't rebel. This is an indissoluble union of indestructible States. That fact has been proved, and with sufficient emphasis. All the muttering to the contrary is mere redomontade.

## Hast's Sworn Off.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.  
Mr. Roosevelt's New Year's resolution is that he will write some more messages.

## SUNDAY JOURNALISM.

## What Some People Contend with on the Sabbath.

From the Trades Unionist.  
The mammoth newspaper, like many other human institutions, has to some extent disappointed many who originally saw in it a future of great promise. This is due to that weakness of human nature which so often upsets cherished theories, and to-day there are numbers of indiscriminate newspaper readers who have become veritable slaves of the great blanket sheets.

By way of illustration it may be interesting to review in imagination the Sunday doings and misdoings of such a newspaper reader.

He comes down to breakfast with the firm intention, say, of enjoying a trip to the country, something he has not done for months past, owing to his devotion to blanket journalism. Before starting out he thinks he will look over the headlines and familiarize himself with the more important items of news, as has always been his custom.